

Holiday Party Hog (by Jeff Gunder)

Hey guys... quick warning... if you don't think you were supposed to be sent this then please click off and delete this. Thank you!! -Jeff

Ellie sucked in as hard as she possibly could, her underused ab muscles straining and the blubber covering her perpetually bloating middle quivering with the effort. She grabbed both flaps of her work slacks and tugged with enough force to rip the struggling fabric, hardly able to see what her hands were grasping over the swollen mound of her gut, her lower belly vibrating wildly against her clenching hands as she attempted to force the too-tight pants closed.

She conceded after just a few seconds, her muscle melted to flab and her willpower right along with it, and sighed as her belly bulged out to its full heft, bouncing lightly simply from the undulation of giving up on her attempt to get her pants buttoned. Ellie had never been thin, far from it in fact, but in the last year her gluttony had inexplicably reached new heights, and the ensuing results were evident all over her now undeniably enormous body. She was always starving, always stuffing her face no matter where she was, and the consequences, first mild then pressing, were now impossible to ignore.

She was huge. Absolutely nothing in her closet fit her properly anymore, and her refusal to buy a decent supply of larger clothes combined with her propensity to eat her feelings meant getting dressed for the office each day had become a task of epic proportions, one she was failing more and more often as the year neared its close. Her eating had been far out of control for months, but the holidays, another excuse for Ellie to gorge herself past her limits daily, had ensured that there were less than two pairs of pants in her closet that came anywhere close to buttoning. She'd outgrown her pants with the elastic waist, then her fat pants, then her leggings, and scraping together a work-appropriate outfit out of the few pairs she was able to force closed took longer and longer each morning.

The donuts she ate as she tried certainly didn't help at all, and after her second failed attempt she took another large bite of a cream-filled cruller, sighing as she brushed the crumbs from her overflowing cleavage that was testing the limits of her undersized bra. Normally on a day like this Ellie would simply call in sick or attempt to work remotely, do her laundry to provide herself with a bigger pair of pants to wear for the next day, and leave the situation unexamined, stuffing her face as she worked. As a treat, a reward, a distraction. Ellie didn't know and frankly, didn't care. All she knew was that she was hungry, and giving in to her cravings felt amazing.

All of that giving in had made her pile on the pounds, and every time she looked in the mirror, a larger version of her stared back through eyes made to appear smaller by all the fat that had swollen her face into a bloated version of her former features. Everything had grown: her cheeks were chubby, her flabby, hammish arms had inflated so severely she could no longer hold them flush to her sides, her once modest breasts had grown into heavy, hanging bags of drooping fat that book-ended each side of her protruding gut, her thighs had grown thick enough to force the pudgy, out of shape fatty to waddle instead of walk, and even her feet had grown too fat for some of her

favorite pairs of shoes, forcing her to admit that she now needed a wide after years of normal sizes.

Her gut was large enough to dwarf the rest of her plush figure, and its rounded crest was firm with bloat even when she awoke, the previous night's binge always enough to leave her full for the entire duration of her sleep. Her belly had been growing rounder and rounder, protruding out further and further, but since her holiday feasting had begun, it finally lost its battle against gravity, sagging lightly and throwing off her balance with its wobbling, unstabilizing bounce. She couldn't move a muscle without feeling the layers of fat coating her body jiggling wildly and yet none of it stopped her from her daily binges, the sizes of her meals growing just as she did.

She took two steps back, sighing as she settled herself on her bed while the metal frame groaned its protests, then lay on her back, the rounded mass of her belly protruding into the air and her breasts flopping towards her face, almost escaping their overly confining bra in the process. All of the pants that had even a chance of buttoning were in the dirty clothes bin and Ellie had to go into the office that day, she had no choice. The holiday celebration was taking place following a reduced workday and attendance was mandatory, or at least, mandatory if you were up for a bonus, which Ellie was despite her frequent remote work. Given that she couldn't wear sweatpants, although her sweatpants were beginning to strain at the seams as well, she had to make the pair of slacks she was currently embroiled in battle with work, otherwise she'd be attending the party in her (also painfully tight) panties.

She sucked in again, the task made a bit easier by the fact that she was on her back and her hanging belly wasn't pressing the flaps as far apart, and grunted as she pulled, the button finally meeting the hole after much ado and slipping inside after some fumbling, already straining the second it was closed. Ellie let out her gut slowly, careful not to put too much pressure on the precariously closed button, and despite the creaks that made her wince as her massive middle reached its full size, it held. She sat up, holding her breath and crossing her fingers, and was pleased to find that it held again. There was no possibility of forcing up the zipper and her fleshy lower gut bulged through the straining, diamond-shaped hole, but she had just the long sweater to cover it up. No one would ever know.

She arrived at work just a few minutes late, her urgency to stop for an oversized fast food breakfast more of a priority than any urgency for timeliness, and crammed down the last bite of her third breakfast sandwich, licking her greasy fingers as she parked. She unbuckled her seatbelt, breathing a sigh of relief at the reduction in pressure from the band that was growing tighter and tighter each time she drove, and began the process of heaving her fat-laden body from the car, already breathing a bit more heavily from the herculean task of lifting her mass without the assistance of the arm of her couch.

She finally made it to her feet, her face reddening as she felt her body's uncontrollable wobble finally settling when she stood still, grabbed her work bag, then began the slow and steady trudge to the front door. She parked as close as she could but the short walk still felt like a marathon for the tubby, overfed porker, and with each waddling step she felt her body testing the limits of her chosen outfit, the sweater long enough to cover her open zipper as she expected but still tight

enough for her entire inflated figure to be on display, her gut pushing out the sweater's front in a way it hadn't just a year ago.

She finally reached the front door, pausing for a second to quiet her humiliating huffing and puffing from a walk that had never bothered her before she got so big, and swung it open, not looking forward to the reception she knew she'd receive at the front desk.

"Ellie," called the size two office manager the second she waddled in, the thin girl swiveling in her chair and looking Ellie up and down with unconcealed shock. "Wow. You look...festive."

"Hi Brittney," Ellie breathed with a sigh, already annoyed.

"Have you checked out those articles I sent you about the keto diet?" Britney asked, her eyes obviously glued to Ellie's growing midsection. "I really think you'd love it, it really makes the weight just melt right off."

"Yea, I'll have to check them out," Ellie mumbled, waddling as quickly as she could to pass the fitness junkie's judgment.

"And the pilates videos on youtube, i sent you the link!" Brittney called more loudly, drawing the eyes of a few of Ellie's coworkers seated at the closer cubicles. "You can do them at any size, it's all about starting somewhere!"

Ellie nodded without turning back, her double chins wagging, and made her way towards the back of the large, bright room, attracting stares and even a few giggles as she bumped through the small cubicle aisles, her rounded hips and wagging behind making even more of a spectacle of her short walk than her bouncing belly and breasts already did.

She finally reached her desk, set down her bag, and pulled her spinning black office chair towards her, the arms of which had been cutting into her fluffy, padded love handles with ferocity lately. She attempted to settle in and almost gasped, the unfortunate realization setting upon her all at once. Her love handles wouldn't be the problem here; her ass was the thing that had grown too fat to squeeze between the arms of the standard issue chair.

Yes, It had been a particularly gluttonous week, and yes, the chair *had* been difficult to wedgie her way into and work her way out of the last time she'd been in office, but this was an entirely new situation. She literally couldn't force herself down in the way she typically did, and as she made attempt after desperate attempt, a team member from the accounting department whose cubicle was adjacent to hers began to giggle, watching the fatty tremble and wiggle in vain.

She was too large for the chair. She'd simply grown too fat to fit. The concept didn't seem quite so simple to Ellie however, and despite her struggles that morning and the two meals she'd already stuffed herself with before 9am, she couldn't quite understand why this was happening to her. She tried one more time, angling her body in an attempt to fit one side of her hips in first and then the other, and finally felt her fat rolls oozing from the gaps on either side, her mass barely wedged in her chair but the embarrassing crisis averted. The judgy accountant coughed to cover her laughs

after Ellie finally looked over at her, face still flushed from embarrassment, and she sighed, booted up her computer, and started on the day's emails.

She worked for a few hours, snacking on a steady stream of chocolate from the overstuffed snack drawer at her desk that always remained full regardless of her less frequent presence there, and stopped around noon for her break, tearing open several more crinkly wrappers filled with caloric sweets and devouring them before preparing to head out for lunch. She pushed herself up, grabbing either arm in a chubby hand as she typically did to wedge her way out, and froze, eyes widening once more. She was stuck.

Her entrapment was predictable to anyone with common sense, the struggle with which she'd forced herself into the chair in the first place a more than overt foreshadowing for the struggle she'd have squirming her way out, but to Ellie's finally honed state of denial, the situation had come far from left field.

She tried again, grunting as she sucked in her gut and attempted to lift her hips out the way she'd wiggled them in, one at a time, but found the endeavor fruitless, much like her fast food-centered diet. She turned, hoping against hope that her cubicle neighbor hadn't seen, but to her horror, the woman was also watching her with wide eyes, a grin crossing her face that she fought to hide as soon as Ellie's gaze met hers.

"Are- are you stuck?" the women finally asked, eyes glued to the bulges of fat pouring over the sides of Ellie's chair. "Are you actually stuck in your chair?"

Ellie looked down, ashen, and the woman stood quickly, as if to show off her own availability to fit within the chair's confines without issue.

"Oh my god, you're stuck," the woman said, a laugh concealed just on the edge of her words.

"No, no I'm just-" Ellie started, but the woman cut her off with a holler.

"Rachel!" she all but cried, bringing all eyes in the vicinity towards Ellie and her situation. "Don't worry," the woman assured, her glee at the hilarity of the situation barely concealed. "Rachel knows how to adjust the arms. Rachel!" she cried again. "Rachel, can you come over here? Ellie is stuck in her chair."

A titter spread through the cubicles around her and Ellie wanted to sink into the floor, wanted nothing more than to disappear. That is, nothing more than she wanted to grab another piece of chocolate. Or 12.

Rachel appeared with a quickness Ellie could only attribute to her desire to spectate the situation, and her eyes widened when they fell on the tubby blob trapped in her own desk chair.

"Wow, Ellie. I guess someone's really been enjoying the holidays, huh?" Rachel teased, giving Ellie's squishy, protruding belly a little poke, much to her mortification. I mean, clearly you know how to

cook or something because I haven't seen you in ages and you've gotten really... well. I mean, look at you. You're stuck in your chair. Might be time to hit the gym huh," she prodded with a chortle.

"Rachel, don't be mean," the women from the adjoining cubicle chided. "So she got fat, just help her."

Another humiliating wave of giggle spread from the epicenter of Ellie's humiliation, the entire office straining their ears to listen, and Rachel leaned down towards her, placing a hand on the overhang of Ellie's gut and giving it a good shake.

"Can you suck in?" she asked. "I need to be able to get past all this to adjust the arms to their maximum width and you're pressed in here so tightly."

Ellie's face flushed, praying for a distraction that would prevent her from revealing the truth.

"They are at their max width," she murmured near inaudibly, looking down.

"What?" asked Rachel, squinting as if it would help her hear Ellie any better.

"They are at their max width," Ellie repeated more quietly, and Rachel's mouth fell open in shock.

"They're already at their max width and you're still stuck?" she repeated loudly, and the giggles around them intensified, filling Ellie's ears with a level of aggression akin to gunfire. "Oh wow. Wow. Well. I don't know if I can help you then," Rachel said, taking a step back and putting her hands up. "The max width is huge, I can't believe you actually got stuck. I think we're gonna have to call maintenance."

Ellie's breath hitched in her throat, realizing what that would mean.

"I'll go tell Brittney," her cubicle neighbor offered with a giggle, already off to inform the office manager of the need for an emergency maintenance request before Ellie could stop her.

Her face flushed even redder and all she wanted was to eat, to gorge herself until she didn't have to think about the humiliation of this situation for another second.

"Were you about to go to lunch? You must've been hungry, huh?" asked Rachel with fake sympathy, a hardly concealed smile still pulling at the corners of her mouth.

"No," Ellie lied quickly, her embarrassment compounding.

"C'mon," Rachel pried, her overly familiar and playful tone making Ellie flush even further. "You were, right? You were going to get lunch? I mean, you've been eating all day, clearly you have quite an appetite. Do you want me to get you something? There's a ton of food in the breakroom, last day before Christmas vacation and all."

"Um," Ellie stuttered hesitantly, her hunger momentarily overtaking her judgment. "Uh. yea."

"I knew it," said Rachel with a giggle. "I'll bring you back a ton, I've seen you eat your lunches so I know it'll take a lot to fill *you* up."

As Rachel scurried away, Brittney approached, and Ellie pressed her eyes shut, wishing she were anywhere else.

"Oh my god, you're actually stuck. I didn't believe it," Brittney marveled, examining Ellie's bloated figure from every possible angle. "You know Ellie, this is exactly why I sent you all those articles. I mean no offense, don't tell HR I said this, but you're getting really really fat. I mean, you were always a big girl but you're actually stuck, this is insane. Those clothes look like they're about to burst right off you, and you know, I watch you walk in from the parking lot, you're actually sweating by the time you get inside. You really need to look after yourself better, stop eating so much, and-" she stopped short, frowning as she looked to her left.

"Rachel, are you kidding me? Don't give her all that, the situation is bad enough as it is."

Rachel came into view holding two plates loaded with donut holes, croissants, Christmas cookies, and piles of chips and pretzels, setting one in front of Ellie's keyboard and the other next to her monitor.

"What?" Rachel defended. "She wanted it. Look at her, she's clearly a big eater."

"Yea, a really big eater," Ellie's deskmate muttered under her breath.

"She does *not* want all this. It's just gonna make her weight problem even worse!" Brittney protested, turning to Ellie. "There's no way you actually wanna stuff your face with all this junk when you've already gained so much weight you're stuck in your chair. You wanna try the keto diet, right?" asked Brittney expectantly. "I mean, you'd have to be such a greedy pig to actually want this much food in the first place. I can bring you some fruit?" she offered, and Ellie looked down once more.

She was ashamed, but that shame was little in the face of her all consuming, all encompassing, entirely overpowering hunger.

"No," she finally admitted quietly. "No, I want the food."

"See?" Rachel bragged with a shit-eating grin. "See, I was right."

Brittney rolled her eyes, her disgust obvious.

"Whatever. The maintenance man won't be here until late," she said in a clipped tone. "Try not to break the chair before he gets here," she muttered under her breath as she turned heel and marched away.

The other girls returned to their desks and Ellie, who was glad to be alone although not exactly in private, dug into the first plate with ferocity, her nerves finally settling as she crammed herself full of tooth-numbingly sweet dough and contrasted the baked goods with the salty, crunchy snacks.

She momentarily forgot her problems, eating until the plate was wiped clean, then reached for the next array of goodies, groaning lightly when her overfilled belly, crammed with all she'd consumed that day, pressed firmly into her desk, preventing her pudgy forearm from stretching past her keyboard.....

About the author

I've always been drawn to fat women, and it's about so much more than physical attraction—though I'll be honest, their beauty is undeniable. I love the softness, the curves, the natural elegance that comes with their shape. There's something comforting and grounding about it, something warm and inviting. It feels real, authentic, and deeply human.

But what I love goes far beyond appearances. Fat women often carry themselves with a strength and confidence that I admire immensely. They live in a world that constantly tries to diminish their worth, that pressures people to conform to narrow beauty standards, and yet they exist unapologetically. That kind of resilience is powerful—it's inspiring. When someone loves and embraces themselves despite a society that tells them not to, it creates a presence that's magnetic.



There's also an emotional depth I've noticed in the relationships I've had with fat women. Many of them have developed incredible empathy, humor, and wisdom because of the challenges they've faced. They tend to see the world with more nuance and understanding, and that makes them amazing people to talk to, laugh with, and share life with. Conversations feel richer, connections feel more real, and the love they offer feels deeply authentic.

I also think attraction is about more than what society tells us is "desirable." For too long, industries like fashion, entertainment, and fitness have pushed a narrow and often impossible ideal of beauty. Loving fat women feels like rejecting those arbitrary standards and celebrating what's real—beauty that's diverse, unique, and abundant. To me, fat women represent freedom from those constraints, and I find that liberating.

On top of that, fat women know how to enjoy life. There's a joy they carry, an ability to live fully and unapologetically. Whether it's sharing a great meal, dancing with abandon, or just appreciating the little things, they often radiate a sense of presence and fun that I absolutely adore. They don't take love, kindness, or life's pleasures for granted, and that's something I cherish about being with them.

At the end of the day, I love fat women because they embody so much of what I value—beauty, resilience, joy, and authenticity. They've shown me what it means to live without apology and to love without limits. For anyone who's ever felt overlooked or undervalued because of their size, know this: there are people like me who see you, celebrate you, and love everything about who you are.